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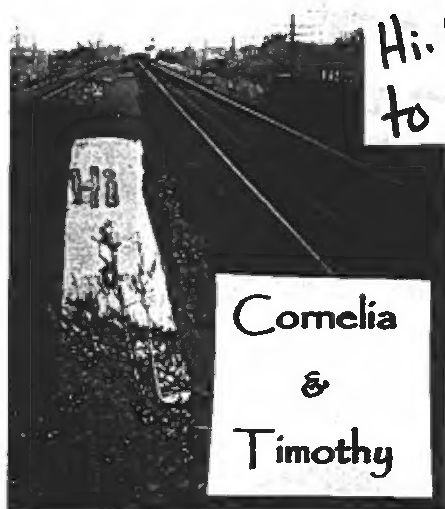
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8

issue



January 2006



Hi. Welcome
to 398#8.



SMACK. Pitter patter drip drop
drip...SMACK.

Cornelia opened her wide brown eyes and looked straight ahead, where she supposed the ceiling would be if she could see through the thick darkness that coated her bedroom. Fat raindrops splattered against her window: pitter patter pitter patter SMACK. Cornelia did not think that last sound was a raindrop. Drip-drop drip-drop. The rain dripped over the edge of the roof, over the eavestrough. Pitter patter drip drop SMACK.

Raindrops do not go "SMACK", Cornelia felt sure of this. She sat up in and pushed her blankets off her legs. She slipped out of bed and then walked across her room to the window. She felt around in the darkness for the curtain's cord and then pulled. She could now see her dark window glistening with raindrops, each partially filled with the light of streetlights. Out her window she could see her own backyard, which connected with another backyard across from it. She could see the back of house who's backyard connected and the tall streetlights that lined that house's street. Each of the lights looked like softly glowing golden orbs. She could see the outlines of the fruit trees in the backyard, swaying, heavy with tart pears and bug eaten apples.

SMACK.

Cornelia jumped and gasped at the same time as something small and white smacked itself against the wet window and then quickly disappeared. She searched the dim light of the backyard to find where it had gone.

SMACK.

Cornelia jumped again. Was it a bird? What was it trying to do?

I suggest you opens the window, Timothy said as he crawled across the windowsill. He was a tiny black house spider with little white spots - the kind that jump if you put your finger near them when they're on the carpet.

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"It's raining," Cornelia told her arachnid friend.

It wants to come in, insisted Timothy in his quiet little spider voice.

Cornelia swallowed nervously as she undid the window releases as quietly as possible, not wanting to wake her parents sleeping in the next room.

SMACK.

Cornelia had to quickly clamp her hand over her mouth to keep her scream from coming out as the white thing hit the window again. She glared down at Timothy who was descending on a fine thread of web from the windowsill. He stopped a few centimetres down and swayed a little on his thread.

I think it's okay. It won't hurt you, he said.

Cornelia had no real reason to doubt the house spider. She had been friends with him for quite some time and he always seemed to have an innate knowledge about such things - he was a talking house spider after all.

Cornelia slid the glass window open and then pushed back the screen that was saturated with water. A cool wind blew through her soft, buttery coloured hair and a few drops of rain drifted in. Then something soggy and white flew by, brushing coldly past her cheek before it began to haphazardly fly about her room. Hastily she slid the screen and window closed to stop the rain coming in and then put her full attention to whatever it was that she had just let inside.

She could hear a wet flapping noise moving around the room. Slowly Cornelia walked over to her bedside table and clicked on her little faery shaped nightlight, which filled the room with a blue-ish glow.

The thing flew by Cornelia's face once more and this time she reached out and plucked it from the air. It fluttered in her hands and she "coooed" at it and said things like "there, there" in a gentle voice to make it calm down. Once it stopped moving Cornelia could see it was a little booklet of white papers. She gingerly turned the soggy pages to find words and pictures on the inside.

"What is it?" she asked Timothy.
I do nots know, he replied.

From that night on Cornelia kept coming across similar little booklets of paper. They weren't all white: some were made of coloured paper or had coloured stamps on the front. Some were held together with staples or some where sewn together with pretty strands of embroidery floss or dental floss or pieces of twine. She would find them under rocks or in the branches of trees, on bus seats or blowing in the wind. In them there'd be writing about love and pain and stories and happiness and comics and recipes and rants and information and poems and photographs and lists of favourite things:

1. canned pineapple
2. chopsticks
3. old books
4. the sound mud makes when you step in it, and then pull your foot out



The little paper booklets made her happy, but some made her sad and some she would read out loud to Timothy before her parents came home from work and made pierogies for dinner. Some she'd read to the squirrels in the forest behind the park, but they were usually more interested in climbing the trees and jumping from one branch to another and going "chitter-chitter-chatter" while Cornelia tried to read them her favourite part.

No one else seemed to notice these little paper booklets, and sometimes people would look extra hard at what she was holding while she was reading on the bus. It kind of reminded her of when she wore her Halloween costume in June, she was a witch. But she didn't mind because she loved the little booklets (and she also loved her witch costume).

If you love them so much, maybes you should try making one of your own, suggested Timothy one night.

Cornelia thought that the house spider might be onto something, so she got out some pens and some paper and scissors and glue and a pile of her mom's old fashion magazines she said Cornelia could have for craft projects. With the help of Timothy she wrote some stories and some lists and made some pretty collages. Then it was ready to all be folded and bound together: she used red embroidery floss. She read her little creation to Timothy and made sure to show him each page as she did so, just like her kindergarten teacher, Mrs. Apple, used to do.

I likes it, he told her. You should let others see it too.

That night Cornelia opened up her window. It was a calm night with no rain and little wind. She held her little paper booklet in her hands and told it to fly. Hesitantly it fluttered from her hands but stayed near, flying around her head.

"Go," she told it softly and it flew off into the night, into the world where someone else would find it, just like this zine found you.



end



Spider Gallery



by Captain



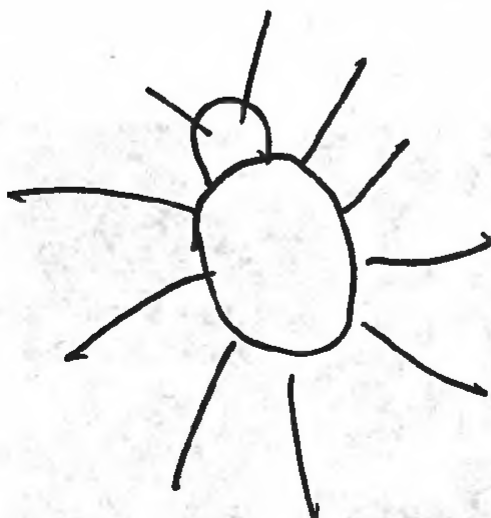
by Dave



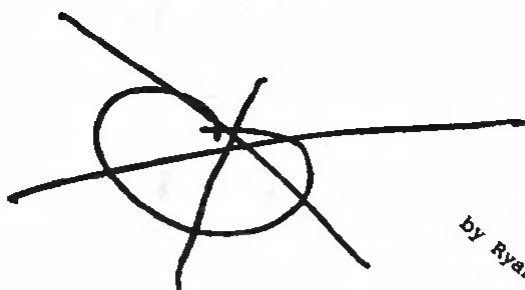
by Elizabeth



by Nick



by Elaine



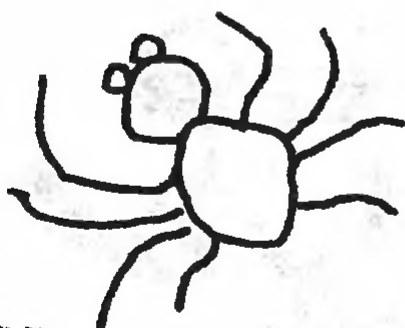
by Ryan



by Laura-Marie



by Mikey



by Bladen

(Thanks!)



by Elizabeth

Further

Adventures

in

Zineing

October 2005



I'm not exactly an outgoing person, and I certainly don't consider myself to be a people person, or adventurous. I often find myself looking around at my current situation and asking myself: How in the world did I get into this predicament? It happens so often you'd think I'd learn. There was the time I agreed to be in a performance at the local Goth night club (I'm not even Goth). Or there was the time I got attacked by a goose during a job interview at a bird sanctuary, and there was the time I agreed to drive across Canada with my brother. This time I'm standing in front of a bunch of eager high schoolers who are part of the Teen Advisory Group (TAG) at the library, and I'm here to tell them about the wonderful world of zines.

I followed my usual routine to get prepared for such an event and did pretty much nothing. Maybe being in these situations wouldn't be so bad if I actually bothered to prepare myself for them. Instead I prefer to avoid thinking about it until I'm actually there: this saves many hours spent worrying, sleepless nights and general freaking out.

I made a zine a few months ago called "What's A Zine?" which briefly explained the ways and means of zines. I made it because when people asked "Whatcha' reading?" when I had a zine in my hand I would begin to flounder for any type of verbal explanation and decided it would be easiest to just hand them a zine that explained things. I also thought it would be a good idea to leave the zine in places like record shops and libraries for people to pick up for free and then I'd be letting people know about zines. Doing this workshop was another attempt at letting people know about zines. I e-mailed the teen services librarian Mary-Lou about bringing some copies of "What's A Zine?" to put in the library, and she actually knew what a zine was. I was so used to no one knowing what I was talking about it kind of floored me. I had been putting off sending the e-mail for months, and then suddenly during a spare at school I decided to do it. Mary-Lou had even been talking about zines recently with her Teen Advisory Group. Talk about timing. After a brief meeting and showing her my own zines, I was asked to come lead TAG in a little zine workshop.

So, there I was, standing in front of about a dozen teenagers ready to give my presentation. I did actually write out brief notes just before I left my house,

but as soon as I started talking I abandoned them. My voice wasn't working all that well, I was a bit nervous and I was quickly cutting out a lot of things I planned to talk about - but I managed to give them an idea of what a zine was. I also brought a bag full of different examples: from comic zines to vegan recipe zines, so that helped.



Some of the teens were more enthusiastic than others and seemed to really get it. They wanted to know how much zines cost and how to properly layout the pages so they fold correctly. All of them made something, from a poetry zine with lots of creative cut and paste and mini comic zines about ninjas, to an interesting fold out zine about friends. I had a great time hanging out with them, talking about their ideas and showing them how to use different materials to get different effects.

Just before I embark on something new I often wish I would follow my instincts and just be a hermit. Maybe all of the above is stuff most people don't sweat, but for a quiet person like myself it's enough to send me to the drug store to scour the shelves for extra strength deodorant. But when I'm done, I usually have a smile on my face, because things usually work out really well (with the exception of the goose one, I didn't get the job). Maybe that's why I keep finding myself in these situations. I wonder what's next.

end



Visitor trips, fall shatters ancient Chinese vases

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

A visitor to a British museum tripped on his shoelace, stumbled down a stairway and fell into a display of centuries-old Chinese vases, shattering them into "very small pieces," officials said Monday.

The three Qing dynasty vases, dating from the late 17th or early 18th century, had been donated to the Fitzwilliam Museum in the university city of Cambridge in 1948 and were among its best-known artifacts.

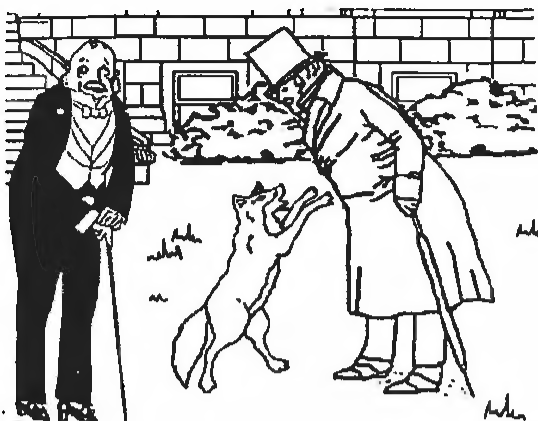
"It was a most unfortunate and regrettable accident, but we are glad that the visitor involved was able to leave the museum unharmed," museum director Duncan Robinson said.

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bye!





Thank you to: everyone who drew spiders and Veronique for editing *Further Adventures in Zineing*.



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